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A/N / IMPORTANT!

This is important for I'll explain at least half of how everything works in this story.

1. Wings
Every Countryhuman has their own unique set of wings for themselves, whether it'd be a their palette or design as well as the texture of their feathers, it'll be based on its owner. There's never two people with the same design or colours, for it is rare as ever.

If the country has one pair of wings, it's considered to be a tier one and two (also depending on the size of their wingspan to tell them apart). If a country has two, then its a tier three. If a country has three, its a tier four. And that's where it stops, nothing more then three pairs of wings. ("@84)

To also tell Tiers apart, Tier 1's are known to have a much more average size of wings and aren't as well-trained with their power. Though they are known to have 'interesting' powers.
Tier 2's are known to have much bigger wingspan then the Tier's 1 and 3, but that doesn't mean their power is stronger then Tier threes. They also have a much higher agility in speed through open air.
Tier 3's are known to be very much powerful since they have twice the strength then twos, although their wingspan aren't that large.
Tier 4's are known to both have a large wingspan and powerful strength, but they always have a limit to how long they can fly and how much of their power they can use, if they go over that limit then they'll 'overheat'.

2. Power
Each Countryhuman has one power that's only for them, whether it'd be ice, fire or any other, it belongs to them, no other person has the same power. (5(@5 8#;'5 5473.)

The strength of the power is decided by how many sets of wings they have, it goes weakest to strongest from tier one to tier four.

If they lose their wings, then their power is forever gone and will be waiting in the void for its next owner.

Their power can not be extracted or taken away from them, even if by will it wouldn't leave its owner until they die or lose their wings. Power can also not be passed down to one another for if it doesn't have an owner to host then it'll head back to the void, never to another person whose alive.

3. Punishment
It says it in the title of this one, punishment.

If one does one wrong doing that the higher tiers don't approve of or goes against the rules, it'll resolve in the choice of the audience.

Whether the choice given to the audience will depend on how badly the punishment has to be.

Depending on the type of problem they cause, for example if they lie and trick people with fake words then it'll resolve in isolation for a week or more depending how badly they caused the problem to be.

The second option is always the same, losing their wings. The audience does have a choice to decide whether or not it'll be public or private, but it's mostly decided as public humiliation or hidden disappointment.

If tied the decision is always passed onto the much higher tiers, which is very rare.

4. Tiers and Dominance
Now let's talk about how tier 2's try to set dominance over ones lower, especially tier 3's.

Tier 2's usually result in using their wings to intimidate the other, since they have a much wider and bigger range for their wingspan, unlike the Tier 1's wings.

Tier 3's usually set dominance with their power, for they are stronger and can easily set dominance over the lower Tiers.

Tier 4's don't exactly care about setting dominance over others for they think it's not needed since their already stronger and have a much more wider wingspread then the others, even beating the Tier twos by a few inches.

Tier 2's and 3's are usually the ones to mainly set dominance over others, even sometimes trying to seem more bigger then the ones higher tiered.

Which doesn't really work out that well.

5. Leadership
The people would always choose who should be fit for their leader, it wouldn't matter about what Tier they are.

If they are fit and strong enough to take lead of the group, then they'll be decided as the official leader until they die or get revoked from their position if they've done something to anger and disrespect their own.

Even if they have a child, that child won't be able to be the next to own the leadership from their parent until the people decide whether or not the leadership will be passed onto them.

6. Death
Now this one is a bit... You'll know.

People can die of blood loss, which is a bit dangerous if they get their wings cut off. They'll only have a 50/50 chance of surviving that horrid punishment, and if they did, survival out in the world isn't easy without power or the ability to fly away from predators.

Natural deaths don't count as resets either, unless the death is caused by the leader or a Tier 4 chosen by the leader, it won't be counted as a reset and its a permanent death.

7. Resets
Resets are a thing where either the leader or a Tier 4 chosen by the leader, 'resets' someone. The main solution being death by them.

Resets are meant to reset someone, as in if they have a power that's forbidden in a way that it's bad then they'll get a reset, if their born without power or wings then they'll get a reset.

If their wings are torn off as punishment, they won't get a reset until either the leader or the audience decides to give them the relief of having to fly again, although their tier after a reset will go down drastically depending on how much havoc they've caused.

8. Curses

[REDACTED]

9. Species
Other species exist, such as non-feathered people (Like bat wings or $4@*9;#.) Of course, the winged countries don't associate themselves with them, which the other species don't really care since they both live in their own worlds.

That's only one of the species that are much humans, there's no other species that are like them. Birds do exist, only small ones though. (;9.)

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10. Borders
The land is split into three lands, all just separated by a large and deep ravine. The winged ones keep one portion, the other kept the second one. The third one was left untouched to which both tribes made a rule to leave it alone and never let anyone crossover to there.

It's also a rule that if you leave to another land then you are no longer allowed to come back to the land you lived on before. (7;"3##.)

To make sure of it they made barriers, but their power very much diminished piece by piece over the years.

I'll add more as the story proceeds.

Now enjoy reading...

- **Feathers of Anarchy** -

:)

Prologue

He kept running through the forest, pushing away any branch or leaf that got into his field of vision.

He kept running, out of breath but wouldn't give up that easily for he held something in his arm that he treasured most, and wasn't looking forward to losing it anytime soon.

As he ran, several people were trailing behind, but not from the ground where he was.

He quickly moved right, accidentally scrapping his arm against a trees dark brown bark.

He hissed at the burning pain but he kept running as it wasn't as worse as the pain he felt everywhere else, as arrows kept raining down on his trail, some of them nearly hitting the lad.

He knew that he had to get away from them as fast as he could.

But what he didn't was the cliff a edge he was running towards to.

He didn't want this to happen, his own young had just been brought to this world a few weeks ago and now he had a small chance of even living a life he could've imagined having.

He came to an abrupt stop, as he almost tipped over seeing the bottomless foggy void, he looked up to see the other side of the ravine he saw another land, untouched by them.

And he knew they couldn't cross, but he couldn't cross either.

Not because he isn't allowed to, it's because he only had one wing, the other had been torn off but he managed to keep the other.

His breathing hitched as he heard shouting in the distance behind

him.

He quickly turned around as he saw several people fly down, a few still in the air above.

One landed onto the ground and stood proudly, their golden wings shone in the sunlight as their yellow eyes were fixated, not on him but on the youngling in his arms, to which he quickly grew defensive of them.

He panted heavily for he had ran miles away from 'home' without any breaks, and now they end up here.

The air was still, as the green grass around swayed slightly, in the light breeze that brushed against their skins. The ravine down below seemed to be silently roaring as fog covered the bottom pit, that could manipulate people to fall in to see what was waiting there.

The other was about to take one step forward, but when they noticed him backing away one step, they carefully retreated back to their original spot.

"Don't..."

"Leave me alone..." He breathed, but also spat.

They sighed heavily as they watched him hold his child close to him.

"It doesn't have to be like this."

"'It doesn't have to be'? Does it look your giving me an 'easy' choice?" He asked, narrowing his navy blue eyes towards the one Tiered higher than him.

"You've already murdered the rest! I'm not letting go of my last!" He growled after, memories flashed in his mind, remembering the horrid scene he had seen from before.

"Just hand them over and we'll let you go, you can go back home." They spoke in a hushed tone, "Just give us what we want, and you

won't have anymore problems."

He looked down towards his son, a still young and looked like it had a future of its own, and he didn't want to see it end so quickly. He wanted to see it grow and become strong, to watch from a distance and be proud as his son succeeds in life.

He felt as tears rolled down his cheeks, not wanting to give away the one thing that could keep him happy in life.

"Okay..?"

He snapped out of his thoughts as he saw that they was a bit closer then before, holding their hand out to the other.

"G-get away..." He spoke, his voice a bit shaken as he held his son closer to his chest.

Then he could hear from the distance, from the bottom of the pit.

"Calm down... It's going to be okay..." He spoke comfortingly, even his eyes they held a glint a worry.

Ice cold water, a full river of it.

"Just don't... Use your power." They whispered, they also seemed hopeful.

He calmed down slightly, still a bit defensive but slowly and reluctantly reached his other free hand towards the other.

Before they could grab his hand, he quickly swung his hand up, causing cold water to wash onto their whole arm, but it turned into ice spikes as quickly as it came, stabbing through their arm.

They shouted from the unsuspecting pain and soon barked orders to the rest of the group.

He soon jumped off of the cliff, using his only wing as a boost, trying so hard to get to the other side.

He flapped his only wing, as he held his son close to him, it was as

if everything went into slow motion as he felt like he could make it.

He could, he could land onto the other side!

But then he felt something pierce through his shoulder, before he realised it, his wing became numb and he started to fall.

He desperately reaches out towards the cliff edge, something! Something he could hold onto to avoid from falling into the now known river at the bottom.

He shut eyes tightly closed felt himself fall.

Until his hand caught onto an edge causing him to feel like his arm was about to pop out of its socket.

He opens his eyes as he looked up to see his hand holding right onto the ledge of the other side, he felt relief and happiness but that didn't stop his fear so he quickly placed his son, gently onto the edge as he pulled himself up.

He struggled to at first for he couldn't feel his right arm nor his left wing, and luckily his son had been kept in some sort of pouch so that he wouldn't have to hold him for most of the time.

He used all the strength he had left to lift himself up and over onto to the ground, quickly getting a fair distance away from the edge whilst cradling his son in his arm into the pouch.

At the other side, he could see the other, who had ripped their arm out of the frozen ice, a few wounds and frostbites could be seen on their arm, bleeding as they glared daggers towards him.

He slightly shrunk under their glaring but knew that he was now safe, they couldn't reach him now that the barrier protects him as well.

He took a few deep breaths as he watched them shout something before their group retreated back into the woods.

And those words, he knew what they had said and what they meant.

And they horrified him eternity.

He let out a breath he knew he held a long time once they were out of sight, but that didn't stop the shaking his body made.

He struggled to stand up, especially now his wing and right arm was stunned.

He looked down toward his son, who seemed to still be sleeping, a heavier sleeper definitely but he didn't mind.

Instead he found it relieving and cute, he didn't want his son to see whatever had happened.

"Don't worry, my son... I won't let anything hurt you, your okay now..." He spoke in a soft hushed tone, as a small smile appeared on his face.

He held his son close to his chest, as he turned towards the forest in front of him, a new home.

What could be waiting on this side?

He couldn't care less, he wanted his son to have a good life, a life where he'll succeed and he'll be proud watching.

He took a deep breath as he took one step forward, the light blue grass and leaves around him glowed as he took a step once more into the mystical forest.

Too late to go back now.

But it's not like he'll be going back there anytime soon.

He hesitated once, but he wouldn't as he gathered up the courage and bravery to go deeper into the forest.

A new start, a new life.

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- Chapter 1 -

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- Intro -

He sighed as the rain poured down onto the forest floor, some muddy puddles form here and there around him.

Raindrops fell gently onto the ground, today was a nicer downfall then expected.

The rain always touched everything it saw, but didn't land a single drop on him.

It's as if it was avoiding him, but that wasn't the case for he stood on the porch of the cabin, an extended roof overhead covering him from the rain, as well as the wooden floor under him.

His wings rustled, readjusting to be much more comfortable since he couldn't stretch them, for they could take up 1/3 of the space on the porch.

His wings were pure light blue, with small white stars and gradient at the edge and a few red stripes on his feathers. The feathers on his elbows were much smaller compared the feathers on top of his head and part of his wings but they still had the same design. His three feathered tail was a bit larger then the rest of his feathers but didn't quite touch the floor nearly.

(Here's the feather design or the 'whole design' at least, because yes and I am going to do this with every other character as well! And I forgot the stars but just imagine little white speckles on it. And every drawing you see in this book is made by your truly, me! ((Which there's not only going to be feather designs in here!)) Anyways enjoy!)

His forearms and palms were wrapped in old bandages but they still managed to live. He wore a black shirt with short sleeves, with a dark green hunters jacket over it and dark brown trousers which had several pockets as if it was for a hiker, as well as dark grey shoes. He also wore black sunglasses, which he treasured for his father brought it to him as a gift.

He looks into the foggy distance, blue trees cluster together in different shades, they seemed to glow a little in the darkness.

The cabin he lived in with his father was on top of a small hill, but it was high enough for him to be able to overlook the large forest that surrounds them.

His father always says to never wander too far into the forest without a blindfold, even his father wears one as well so he figured it was very much needed.

But why? What could be out there that they shouldn't see? He also wondered why his father acted so 'nervous' whenever they wander further then before, which was very rare and concerning.

He shook his head, maybe it would be okay to not know.

For now.

He hadn't realised it stopped raining and was beginning to clear up for he was stuck deeply thinking about other things.

"Boo!" A voice shouted behind him.

"AAA-."

It had caught him off-guard as he slightly jolted and quickly glanced back to see who it was, before sighing a relief to see his father standing a few feet from him.

"You scared me there for a second!" He exclaimed.

His father chuckled slightly, "Well I'm sorry son but I couldn't help myself."

They both smiled at each other but then his father glanced towards where he was looking at before.

He watched as the sunset illuminated an orange tint over everything it could touch, which revealed what his father looked like more visible.

He had one left wing that was a much more dark navy blue and had a couple of red and white stripes like his, but except they were different patterns and such.

His father wore a white polo shirt with a lighter navy blue vest over it, as well as long dark blue trousers and black shoes. He looked much more formal than him but that doesn't mean they aren't father and son. Just different styles.

He also noticed a few things he hasn't actually noticed before, like the scar that went across his right cheek or the fact that his right eye pupil and iris was different...

It used to be a red line across and down with white in the background, but now it was half white and green with some type of red dragon on it?

Could that be the reason why he was more cheerful then usual? Plus his accent was slightly different... He didn't know but decided to not think anything of it.

Of course, had his own two different eyes as well, one had a white star with blue and the left one had just red and white stripes.

His fathers other eye was a pretty navy blue as he himself would describe it.

But before he could think any further he got snapped out of his thoughts, back to reality as his father snapped his fingers in front of him.

"Hellooo? Are you alright?" His father called out slightly.

He hadn't realised he had been so distracted by thoughts that even his father was concerned.

"Uh... Yeah, yeah... Just thinking..." Was all he responded with as he glanced towards the sunset, which was halfway behind the trees.

His father hummed in response, thinking he should give him some alone time even though he was wanting to have a conversation about... Something.

"Well, I'll be inside if you need me alright?" He said, walking back inside.

"Mhm..."

His father sighed before closing the door behind him, looking around the cabin he begun walking to his room.

He quietly closes the door behind him before feeling a pang of pain in his wing and left shoulder, to which he gripped at profusely.

He gritted his teeth, growling slightly as the pain stayed. Why now?

The power he held had been slowly eating away at his own sanity, and he wasn't looking forward to losing it this soon.

It was only a week left until his son becomes 18, an official young adult that is able to go off on his own to find his own home and mate.

He took deep breaths and shut his eyes, trying to calm the pain and go back to his mind.

As he opened his eyes he was met by a white void, but the pain he felt wasn't there anymore.

Until he heard shouting and someone in pain?

He quickly whipped around to see the other four...

The one who was yelling had a white cross with the rest light blue, he seemed to be shaking another person who had a different red cross with the rest white and wore a pair of glasses.

"Scotland! What on earth are you doing??" He exclaims as he ran

towards the two.

Scotland who was to be the person shaking the other one, who looked very much tired and in pain.

"What happened??" He asked worriedly as he watched Scotland stop shaking the lad but still kept his hands on their shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know, Britain?! Maybe it's because Wales forgot to take the pills in the middle of the day?!?" He shouted with a thick Scottish accent that it may have butchered his English a bit, as he kept his grip on the others shoulders, keeping them from falling.

"Don't... Shout... I'm getting a serious headache..." The other groaned as he shut his eyes from the blinding white of the void.

"Oh, don't ya dare faint on me now, England!!" Shaking said person even more, causing them to feel more sick and dizzy.

"Stop shaking him then! It's not going to help!" Shouted another person, who had now entered the scene.

They had a red cross as well and a white banner but much like Scotland's flag then England's.

Another person was hidden behind them, top half white and bottom green with a red dragon in the centre, they were recognisably Wales, mentioned earlier.

Compared to Scotland and England, the other two seemed much shorter then them but they weren't kids for sure. England seems to be the tallest but only by a few a inches taller then Scotland, whilst Wales was the shortest. Britain was about a few inches taller then England, making him the tallest out of his brothers.

Scotland was hesitant before finally letting go of England, but then gets toppled over by him, falling to the ground with yelp.

"Ooo... Are you alright?" Britain asked, furrowing his eyebrows as he watches Scotland try to get England off of him.

"I'm. Fine." He grunted as he manages to shove the other off of him.

Scotland stands up before glaring towards Wales.

"Why didn't you remember to take the fuckin' pills?! It's basically burnt into our skulls at this point!"

Wales whimpers a bit before stating "Well it's because **They** were there when we went out hunting!"

"But you could've taken the pill any other time-!"

"Just leave Wales alone! He's still younger then us!" The other cuts in. Being defensive of Wales.

"Stay out of this Northern Ireland!" Scotland growled.

"How about we all just calm down-." Britain barged in, trying to separate the two that looked like they were about to get into a fight.

"Heeellllpppppppp, I can't tell if I'm falling or dead.... Somebody help..." England whined out, obviously sick and in pain.

Everyone else just glanced at each other before Britain sighed and went to pick up England and drag him back on his feet.

Which was a challenge.

England felt very much sick as he struggled to stand up, one arm held his stomach and him bending over as he desperately holds onto Britain, who was very worried in the state he was in.

"Fuck, I think I'm going to hurl..." he said miserably as he tried to hold it in.

"Then don't do it near me at least." Britain mumbled as he patted his back, which definitely caused it to be worse then it already was.

Scotland sighs heavily before heading over to the two to help them as Northern and Wales watched.

"Just go, it's nearly tomorrow already so you should be fine with a few more hours to spare." He said to Britain, who nodded in return

and handed England over to him before walking away.

He shut his eyes before taking one more deep breath, then jolting up as he felt the pain back in his shoulder and wing but it seemed to have diminished a slight bit as Britain went to his nightstand to find the pills.

Once he found them, he quickly popped it open and swallowed two pills, he quickly lets out a breath of relief as it took effect and the pain started fading away faster.

He closed the lid back onto the bottle before gently placing it back in the drawer and shutting it closed with a small thump.

His grip slowly moved away from his shoulder and he moved his wing to a small extent, feeling it come back to life as he sat onto his bed but he barely sank in for he was a bit light for his weight.

Of course, he hadn't been eating well enough. And he knew this would take a hard hit on his health but he could control it.

He stared at floor for a bit, the darkness surrounding him as the sky began gradually getting darker by the minute.

He could feel the room seem more colder then before but it didn't bother him.

And that's wrong.

He felt himself let go of reality for a moment, feeling a bit lighter then usual as if he could float right off right then and there.

But he didn't, he just sat there staring at nothing.

If you were to look at him from another angle, it would seem as if he had already lost his mind from how his left eye twitched.

He stayed like that but his mind was completely begging for him to move.

He felt something ice-cold on his back, slowly rolling down feeling like tar of some sort.

His sanity... He couldn't...

"Aye! Dad?"

He gasped, jolting up as he unexpectedly been brought back to his own mind.

He looked around quickly, feeing his breathing a bit shallow as he heard muffled footsteps come towards his door.

"Dad?"

He watched as his sons head poked out from the door, the attention landing on him.

He seemed worried, which made Britain curious.

"Yes, America?"

"I um... Found something..."

Britain was even more confused when America's nervous rate went up.

"What did you find?"

"Well..." He trails off.

America sighs before slowly opening the door fully to reveal him holding a feather but it looked more to be covered in white tar.

But Britain knew what that meant and quickly snatched it out if America's hand, observing it more closely to make sure he wasn't mistaken.

And he wasn't...

He takes in a sharp breath before placing the feather onto his nightstand.

"Go grab what you need." He stated.

"What?" America asked, confused.

"I said get your things ready, we're leaving. Now."

America was confused before nodding, thinking he should ask questions later.

Even though he wanted answers now, he had a bad feeling now isn't the time.

America quickly walked to his room and grabbed a satchel, looking around the room to see what he could take with him.

He felt that he needed to pack up fast so he quickly grabbed necessary things even though he doesn't know where they'll be going, but something tells him far from here.

As he finished and swung the satchel over his body, he quickly looked over to a blindfold that laid on his bed.

The blindfold had a design that was similar to his feathers, but enough of describing he quickly grabbed and held it in his hands tightly as he quickly exited his room to the front door to see his father already there with a satchel, a blindfold and... A lit torch. (Like an actual torch, not a flashlight.)

He saw his father give him one glance before saying "Put your blindfold on and **don't** let go of my hand."

America quickly walked beside him before placing the blindfold on, feeling as the soft fabric pressed against his eyelids.

Once he tied it he heard the door open then a hand quickly grabbing hold of his, causing him to nearly trip when he had begun getting dragged into a run.

Everything was dark and pitch because he had the blindfold on, but that doesn't mean he couldn't hear or feel anything.

He felt as they ran through the cold air, leaves and branches hitting them but mostly Britain for he was ahead.

As they moved through the forest, America tripping slightly but always caught himself. He heard large thumps and a few crashes

behind him, though they always stayed at a certain distance away from them.

He started to lose air, he wasn't used to running this far.

"D-dad..." He breathed.

"We're almost... There..." He heard Britain say, he seemed breathless as well.

It felt like forever until America felt a much colder yet warmer sensation? He didn't know what it was but knew they were approaching somewhere.

Then America felt his foot hit something, he couldn't catch himself in time and just fell onto his stomach on the ground with a grunt.

Britain quickly glanced behind him before hurriedly grabbing America, hoisting him up onto his feet as fear and panic ran through them.

He seemed to be mumbling something under his breath but America had so much adrenaline going through him that he couldn't process it.

Once they got him on his feet, Britain quickly dragged him before stopping abruptly, having him almost fall over again.

"... Don't..." Britain huffed out before America could place a foot forward.

They both looked behind them as they heard something... Come out of the woods before them.

"Stay... Don't take off your blindfold, ya hear me..?" Britain whispered to him, seemingly to have a different accent now?

America nodded, keeping hold of Britain's hand as the thing in front of them stopped a few feet away from them, breathing heavily as it spoke in a hoarse yet deep voice.

"... Don't run, I have found you now."

"You sure have... Took awhile too, heh." Britain answered, a smug smile could be seen on his face.

The other growled before taking one step closer as Britain slightly scooted ever so slightly, daring both of them to **jump off**.

Their white wings fluttered slightly, their large claws digging into the ground as if ready to pounce.

"Surrender your soul to me." Their voice seemed more higher pitched but still hoarse, as if trying to be friendly.

"... I would rather die in a ditch then give my soul to you." Britain responded, taking off his own blindfold.

There that 'mystical' creature, it was fully white except for its sharp teeth and black eyes, it seemed to have a shattered halo over its head and large white feathered wings that seemed to glow in the daylight. It had the form of a tiger but a much more larger body proportion and a long snake-like tail with a few feathers at the end. It's face associated with a smile-like mouth.

It seems to glare into Britain's soul but that didn't stop him from standing his ground and protecting his son from this thing.

"Let me seal your fate and we shall for no longer suffer this of 'curse' you speak of!" It hisses, the tone going lower as to intimidate the smaller.

"... America, **jump**." Britain said.

America felt himself in disbelief, jump? Jump where to??

"W-what..?"

"JUMP AMERICA, I WILL NOT ASK YOU AGAIN." Britain commanded watching as the beast before him bare its teeth, challenging him as it began charging towards him.

"Wait-."

He then felt a satchel being placed into his hands roughly.

"Take these and **don't come back**. Get as far as you can from here and don't turn back." He father stated sternly as ever.

But before America could even say anything else, he felt himself being shoved off of the cliff.

Of course, he couldn't see since he still had the blindfold on, but he kept causing him to grow more scared as he screamed.

He thought he heard something from above but he couldn't process once he was plunged into ice-cold water.

His blindfold came off as soon as he felt himself be surrounded by water, he opened his eyes to see dark blue and the rock covered floor before floating back to the surface.

His body bobbed there for a moment as he gasped for air, still in shock from what just happened as he kept a hard grip on the satchel his father had seemingly given him.

He looked around, before realising his body was being pushed with the large currents, feeling himself go under the water a few times.

Glancing around to at least find land he saw at least small beach coming up.

He quickly managed to get onto shore, coughing out all the salty water that may have went into his mouth. Which tastes horrible.

As he took deep breaths he heard a gasp, to which he quickly looked up and looked gazes with another person that seemed around his age.

They wore glasses but the middle part was wrapped in old bandages. They had three horizontal lines going across their face ranging from yellow, red, and black, bottom to top. Their eyes shone golden red, whilst wearing a white polo shirt with dark grey trousers and black shoes. Their wings fluttered a bit, revealing black feathers that had gold crimson patterns on the edge of their feathers.

Their face held a very worried yet fearful face as they both stared at

each other for a moment.

That is, until they started running away to the left of them, catching America off-guard.

America then quickly got up and started chasing them, shouting "Hey! Wait up!"

They both ran along the sandy shore until they took a sharp turn left, causing him to slide to an abrupt stop before continuing the chase.

They glanced back to see him still chasing after them, growing more and more afraid but then soon enough running into a side cave covered in vines, to which America at first struggled to get through.

As he untangled his wings out of the vines, he took one glance down the long corridor which was very dark and uninviting, and shivers ran down his spine as he became more scared to even finding them.

But it wouldn't hurt, would it? After all he didn't want to starve out here, and he didn't know what to do.

He took a deep breath, before forcing himself to walk down into the corridor.

As he walked, he began noticing a few carvings here and there. One was just a simple carving of a circle, but the further he went in the more complicated and unwelcoming the carvings had become.

As he kept walking, he noticed he was approaching an opening, he also started feel some warmth as well to his luck as his clothes were still drenched in water.

As he stepped through the opening, he found himself in a open cave, the ceiling very high up that it was a complete void above hiding whatever had hidden there.

The walks stretched into a sphere like curve out, and to his right, there was a larger opening, revealing the vast night-sky.

He felt drawn to see the view, as he walked towards the out stretched cliff edge, there's was nothing overhead, letting him look up and around himself.

He felt as he was surrounded by thousands of stars, the night sky as a mixture of dark blue and purple. The moon in the night sky ahead of him shone brightly then the other stars around him.

The dark grey clouds barely covering up the sky, the stars twinkling ever so slightly.

His eyes widened, amazed by the sight in front of him, under the cliff surrounded a dark green forest with mountains in the distance.

As he was looking at the view, he didn't notice the person walking up behind him.

When he felt a presence behind him, it was too late once they grabbed his jacket and threw him to the ground, catching him off-guard greatly.

He landed onto the ground with a thump and a few rustling from the satchels, he sits up with his back hurting before glancing forward to see a figure.

The figure was casted by a shadow from the moonlight but he could see the details of them.

They were mainly red, their two eyes glowing brightly revealing one eye with five gold stars and the other emerald green. They wore a jacket that was dark red with the sleeves rolled up with dark brown trousers,and black shoes. They glared daggers towards America, successfully intimidating America with just how they looked. Though they didn't have wings as America thought they would, they instead had two brown horns on their head and their tail was very long that about 1/3 of it was laying in the ground, the underside a tan-ish gold whilst the scales were crimson red. Large tuffs of yellow fur lined the top to the end of its tail, much-like fire.

"What do you think you're doing here?" They growled deeply.

(Just to say, this chapter took sometime so I'm sorry for the long wait! But it's probably going to end up being a couple of weeks just to finish one chapter but I'm willing to put in the work for +3,000 words per chapter from now on. Much to my suffering, I want you to enjoy the story as much as I do with writing it! So I hope you've enjoyed this chapter, and as I would say. Things come and go!)

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- Chapter 2 -

- SET I -

He puts his hands up in a more of a 'back off, I'm harmless' way up his chest as he slowly struggles to stand up.

Their gazes were both locked with each other, which America grew more nervous of.

"H-hey... I mean no harm..." He stutters.

The other growls slightly, causing him to flinch from the sudden sound.

"What are you doing in my home? How did you get here?" They asked, their tail slightly lashing out a bit.

"U-um..." America was weighing options, whether or not to tell them he was following someone or to lie.

As he tried to think of an answer he got a glance at their eyes.

Pure gold, yet they seem to dilate in a way as if they just realised something.

"Is your father Britain?" They suddenly asked, they seemed to relax with their intimidation but they were still wary if they were wrong.

"Y-yes..?" America answered, confused to why and how they knew his father.

He watched as they narrowed their eyes at him, looking up & down before starting to smile.

America felt weirded out until they hugged him tightly, not as tall as he expected them to be.

"AAA!! ITS SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU WERE JUST A SMALL CHUBBY BABY! NOW LOOK AT YOU, YOUR ALL GROWN UP NOW!!" They exclaimed, very excited to see him as they lightly pinch his left cheek.

He got a look at their eyes, their golden Iris now golden stars. They soon enough let go of him after one last moment before jumping around him, getting a better look at him.

They soon gasped as they held onto one of his jacket sleeves, he could feel heat radiating from how close they were.

"Your even wearing the hunters jacket I got for you!! You look so handsome and cute in it!!!" They squealed, letting go of his jacket and walking right in front of him.

He looks down for a moment to study them as well since their tail seemed to radiate light from it, providing a better view.

They didn't have feet, but paws? It looked like paws but also like claws as well.

He was so confused and soon enough asked.

"Who are you? And how do you know who my father is??"

They paused for a moment in their happy 'celebration', glancing back to America since they were facing away from him.

"Oh yeah right, I'm China! Right at your service!" They bow to him as if America was royalty.

They soon stood back up again, continuing to answer.

"And how I know your father? Well I've known him ever since I found him out in the forest with you, helpless really. It was definitely a sad sight to see."

China slightly frowned as a thought went through his mind, until he went back to a happy attitude.

"Anyways, why are you actually here? Did Britain send you here?"

They seemed hopeful for an answer.

America soon enough remembers what had actually happened causing him to grow nervous to even answer them truthfully.

"What's wrong?" China soon asked after, seeing the worried face and nervousness radiating from him.

"I-it's just that..."

He stumbled over his words, he wanted to tell them what happened but he didn't actually know either since he couldn't see without...

His blindfold.

His eyes slightly widen as he remembered that he didn't have his blindfold with him and that it came off when he plunged into the river below. Who knows where it ended up now.

China was now fully worried for America, feeling the nervousness grow more stronger.

"America..?" They call out, a bit unsure.

"I... Came here on my own." America finally answered, though his answer was uncertain, worrying China even more.

"Where's Britain? Please tell me he told you to come here..."

America just shook his head, to which China's eyes dilated to slits but not that thin.

"... So you came here... While he's on the loose..?" China barely whispered.

America didn't know how to respond, especially when they gave off a not good vibe.

For a moment he thought could feel fear but then it went away the moment China smiles again, his demeanour taking a sharp 180 turn.

"Well that's 'fine'! You can stay here for now once your father comes back..." He mumbles something else, which America couldn't hear but shrugged off.

"Anyways, since I wasn't expecting any visitors, specifically you or Britain, I'm going to go get your room ready. Feel free to sit anywhere you like." He said, pointing towards another corridor.

That was the last thing he heard from him as China walked off into a separate corridor, leaving him in the open with questions running through his head.

He then shook his head to get back on track, going through the corridor China had pointed towards.

He found himself in nice little rocky area, it had torches along the cave walls, it wasn't that big but not small, but maybe a bit messy as if someone had dug it out themselves.

He saw a seating area, mainly just stone but it had cushions. He sat on one of them, feeling comfortable already. He looks around once more, the room kinda resembles a living room but mostly stone then wood.

He felt tired, well why wouldn't he be? He had to run, probably, miles and had to keep afloat in a mild current river! And now he ends up here, not knowing where his father is or if he's even dead!

He felt fear grow inside him, a sick churning in his stomach as he thought about what he had heard.

'... Don't run, I have found you now.'

'Surrender your soul to me.'

'Let me seal your fate and we shall for no longer suffer this of 'curse' you speak of!'

What did that all mean?

It sounds like they were moreover after Britain then him.

It sounded like they were in pain... They sounded sad yet so filled with hatred and regret...

What had happened? What was his father hiding from him? What is this 'curse' they mentioned?

So many questions to ask his own father but yet it feels like he has such little time to ask them.

Until he felt a small presence near him, as if someone's staring at him.

He looked over to the direction he felt someone stood at, and low and behold it was the person he was chasing after!

They seemed nervous, just staying in the corridor to keep a safe distance in between both of them.

"Uh... Hey..." America greeted, it was definitely awkward.

"... Are you really the son of Britain?" They asked, they seemed genuinely curious and not at all scared, as if he wasn't just chasing them several minutes ago.

"Yeah..." He answered.

He watches as their wings slightly shuffled before stepping out for America to see them much more clearer.

"So your America? Nice to meet you, I'm Germany."

Germany held out a hand towards America, who shook it hesitantly.

"Nice to meet you too."

America was wondering if he should apologise for earlier, deciding to do so.

"I'm uh, sorry for earlier, like chasing you and all." America apologised, he isn't the best at making apologies but it was a start.

"Oh, it's alright. I just got startled is all, but it's okay." Germany

said, they gave a small smile.

They then looked away from each other, silence started to set in until China had came in.

"Alright, I finished setting up your room." China said as he entered.

America nods as Germany went to go sit down with China on the two seats across from him.

"So... Mind telling me some info to how and why you are here?" China asked, he seemed serious but he held a warm smile.

"Well... I may have some questions for you too." America spoke, he also wanted info on his father.

China seemed to debate about in his head, narrowing his eyes during the process before sighing and nodding.

"Fair enough, but I'll go first. Why are you here and how did you find this place? Because you definitely didn't come from the forest since when I saw you, you were soaked."

"... Well..." America had explained what had happened, although only describing what he had heard since he didn't see what had actually happened. Explaining up until the point where he ended up here. (I didn't want to type out the whole damn recap thing because I'm lazy.)

"... So, he was... He..." China seemed to stumble over his words, he's eyes seem to dilate into much more fearful ones as Germany tried to calm him down.

"Are you saying, that he was killed??" China asked, he seemed more panicked.

"Not that I know of..." He slightly stammered, afraid if his father was actually dead.

China groans, stuffing his face into his hands as Germany patted his back.

"Do you even know, the consequences if one of them was dead? If they find anyone in their way of their goal??" China asked, his tone held a bit of anger as his face glanced up at America, who just shook his head, not knowing at all.

It went quiet for a moment as China narrowed his eyes, his tail slightly lashing out of anger against the pavement of the stone.

It was definitely an intense stare, even Germany felt uneasy and scared in this situation.

After a few moments of cold silence, China sighed, relaxing his tensed up posture, giving off a much more sadder demeanour as he sunken down a bit.

"... We're all going to die..." He mumbled, loud enough for America to hear.

It went silent once again, I suppose silence would be our friend by now but they couldn't help it, what was there to say? That everything would be alright? That would be a straight up lie for China, since he knows what will happen.

And he doesn't want to go yet, but they'll just have to wait until they find them.

"... China..?" This time Germany had spoken up but in a much softer voice as he hugs China from the side, actually worried about him.

China then shook his head, getting up as Germany let go of him, he then quickly left the room as Germany stood up to follow him as well but couldn't keep up with him and ended up standing midway through the corridor.

America felt a bit nervous, before getting up as well to see Germany standing there, his wings slightly drooping as well as his feathered tail like a sad puppy.

America then came up behind him to pat him on the shoulder, to just give reassurance that he wasn't alone and that China might not be feeling well.

"Are you okay..?" America asked, a tad bit worried for him.

But all he did was nod as he started to walk away in the same direction China had went, leaving America alone, confused.

America then sighs, he felt his eyelids droop a bit, feeling exhaustion finally taking over him, so he quickly went the way China had went assuming the direction was where his room he was staying at was.

As he walked down the stone corridor, he could hear distant drops of water echoing against the cave walls, as well as his footsteps as he trudged towards a room that's seemed open, well of course it was open since it had no door exactly, but it did have vines hanging down from it as an alternate door.

He uses one hand, gently pushing the vines away from getting in the way of him entering.

Inside looked cozy, but it doesn't look that comfortable, there was bed but instead of wood it's just a flat rock with a silky duvet and pillow, along side a small rock nightstand(?) that had a torch on top, lighting the whole room with a warm glow.

America questions to how China even found fabric, nor even find the right materials to make it look that soft.

He was hesitant on taking a seat on the bed, but once he sat on it, it felt very soft and squishy but he could slightly feel the hardness of the rock underneath.

He lays back, sighing a relief as his body finally got to relax a bit more and get the rest it should get.

He then looks to the end of the bed, where he had tossed the two satchels. One navy blue whilst the other was dark red.

He then saw a few things in the navy blue one, a few glimmering items that reflected a bit of the warm glow.

Curious, he stretched his arm far enough to grab what was inside and take it out.

And by his shock, it was a small tube that contained a green liquid inside.

He slightly rotated it, the liquid inside slowly moving around inside.

What is it? What could it be?

He figured it would be best to ask China tomorrow, but could he even bring up the topic of Britain without it going south and end up in a ditch?

He just shook his head, placing the tube onto the stone nightstand next to the bed with a small clink, before placing the satchels on the ground next to it as well.

He then took his jacket off, whilst standing up, folding it roughly before placing it at the end of the bed and flopping himself back down onto the bed in a much more comfortable position whereas most of his body laid on top of the duvet.

It felt very warm so he decided not to pull the covers over him and instead use them as something more comfortable to lay on then hard stone.

He stared up to the grey ceiling, feeling thoughts drift in and out of his head.

He felt himself grow heavy, his breathing slowing slightly to a more calm rhythm as he shut his heavy eyelids, and let the drowsiness take over him.

Feeling as he fell into the dream realm.

...

America opened up his eyes, finding himself standing in an endless white void.

He looked around until something came into view, his vision becoming less blurry as he focused more on the figure.

They had their back turned to him, they seemed to be standing in a puddle of black goo with thick chains that wrapped around their wrists.

He could hear them grunting against the chains, they seemed to be straining against the chains as if trying to break free whilst trying not to be dragged down into the darkness.

He suddenly recognized the colours of the one winged person, could it be?

"D-dad?"

They seemed to jolt in surprise before glancing back to see him, and sure enough it was his father.

"A-America..?" Britain said before suddenly jolting forward as the chains suddenly pulled him a bit more closer to the void but he managed to catch himself before pulling the chains back up with more struggles.

"W-what... On earth, are you... Doing, here..?!" Britain exclaimed through gritted teeth, struggling to form sentences since all of his energy is being used to keep himself above ground.

America didn't know how to explain until Britain just sighed angrily, knowing his own son wouldn't even know his own abilities.

Britain then jerked his arms up to raise the chains a bit so he was able to at least step one foot out of the black puddle onto the white floor.

"God dammit..." Britain started cursing under his breath as the chains started making it harder for him to stay above and standing.

He watched as his fathers legs start tremble and shake in his stance as if his knees were about to buckle and cause him to fall.

So then America couldn't watch his father struggle anymore and soon enough grabbed his fathers arms, pulling him back from the growing puddle of darkness.

But it was harder then he thought as he wrapped his arms around his fathers torso from behind instead to have a better grip, they were only a few feet from the void but that's the farthest they could go with their strength combined.

America felt his strength slipping from him, especially his grip around Britain which started to worry him even more, fearing they'll both lose to whatever's pulling his father into that void.

Then unexpectedly, black chains then formed around Britain's legs, causing him fall and America to release his hold.

Britain then growls, very much like a wolf, as his back and body hit the floor as he slowly began getting dragged to the void.

He starts to struggle against the chains, trying bite on them but ends up spitting out black goo.

America then goes to grab his hand, holding on but he wasn't strong enough as Britain's hand felt faint.

He watched as his hand slipped away once Britain gets dragged quickly down into the black puddle, quickly disappearing like a dead body, once found faint but then gone the next.

He drops to his knees, feeling as if he just saw his own father die right in front of him, which is mentally true.

Just not physically, yet.

He then flinches once everything turned black, he couldn't see anything but himself.

He hastily stood up, looking around before two white glowing eyes appeared several feet away from above, they seemed big and glowed a Pearl white.

He slightly backs off, feeling fear and intimidation inside him.

But then he notices a figure standing underneath the eyes, this time facing him and it was his father.

Except he wasn't the same.

His wing and feathers were pitch black and the edges were dripping with black ink.

His head was down but he could see black ink drooping from his face.

Speaking about his head, Britain raised his head, staring at America, who was entirely frightened by what he saw.

Britain's neck had bruises from the chains wrapping around his hands and neck tightly, Britain looked like he was losing air, his eyes rolling back with redness and tears seen from his eyes.

Purple and blue skinny veins could be seen popping out, mainly from his eyes and neck, crimson blood and ink over flowing out of his mouth.

America froze, his body trembling at the sight of his father.

He watches as his fathers eyes slowly locked onto him, feeling his heart skip a beat in a not so good way.

His father raised his right arm towards him, his body shaking badly.

He opened his mouth, and croaked out such few words.

"... Help... Me..."

His voice sounded sore, as if he was really choking but it sounded so demonic in a way.

America opened his mouth to say something about to reach towards his father as well, until his fathers body fell limp though still stood up with his eyes wide open.

America paused before, in a flash...

His fathers neck snapped to side, revealing blood, flesh and the bones sticking out.

To which a horrifying scream, like a thousands souls trapped in one.

Enough to wake America up.

...

America jolted awake, feeling himself grow sweaty and hot as he sat up, gripping onto his short over his chest and fast beating heart as if he's about to have a heart attack.

But I mean, who wouldn't if they've seen what America had actually seen?

America took deep breaths to calm down, but that horrid image was definitely burned into his mind which was not helping his slight panic attack.

He looks around before his eyes land on the tube next to him on the nightstand.

He looked at it for a moment until his eyes widened in shock.

He shook his head for a moment before getting up and out of the bed, now realizing that the covers were actually over him instead of the opposite.

He glanced back at the tube before quickly grabbing his father's satchel, if he could even call it his father's anymore, and soon enough grabbed his jacket and wrapped it round his waist and tied the sleeves together as he placed the satchel over his head across his chest.

He sighed as began walking out of the room, rethinking everything.

And what about the tube your probably wondering?

The liquid wasn't green anymore, but more of a darker green.

And America knew that it wasn't his since it used to have a small black dot on the side and the one placed there didn't.

So he's gonna find out what happened. And hope to god that, that image would diminish from his head.

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- Chapter 3 -

- SET II -

He sighs as the white blade neared his neck, he didn't even feel scared anymore, now he just feels annoyed.

"So... How long are we going to be here for?" He asked, both of his eyes were now the same colour.

"Until you reveal your true form, we can't get rid of the curse if your like... In this form." The other said, growling as they gripped his wrists a bit tighter.

He definitely felt very uncomfortable in this position.

They had both of his wrists in their free hand over his head, nearly dragging him a few inches off of the ground with their sword at his neck as he was being pressed up against a stone wall with moss and vines growing over it.

"Look, if your looking to kill me then what's holding you back now?" He asked, seemingly unfazed by the blade against his neck.

They kept growling, leaning in more until they were about a few inches away from his face, getting angry by each moment that passed by.

"Oh, wouldn't you like it if I made your death slow and painful." They said, glaring into his soul.

All he did was chuckle, slowing losing his sanity mentally as he smirked.

"I would like it if you weren't trying to use this as an advantage to get close to me and growl like the dog you are." He retorted before hissing as the blade slightly drew a small slit on the underside of his jaw.

"I hope you can see the fact that I can cause pain towards you easily."

"Eh, that's your choice until you get bored and actually kill me." He shrugged.

They sighed heavily, looking down at the ground for a moment to think.

They then reluctantly took the blade away from his neck to his surprise as they released their grip from his wrists, letting him land onto the ground.

He stood there confused before getting punched in left cheek, causing him to fall to the ground with a thump but he managed to catch himself slightly as he slightly leaned up with his arms supporting him.

"What the bloody hell is your problem?" He asked, feeling his cheek sting with burning pain as he hesitantly puts a hand up to it.

"What's my problem? My problem is the fact that you don't see that I absolutely hate existing here and that I just want this to be over with!" They exclaimed as he glanced up, giving a confused look.

They then slumped down a bit, seeing as he didn't understand what they had meant.

Their head flopped down as they raised a hand to pinch the bridge of their nose in frustration.

"Look, I just want this over with so just do me a favor and let me take your life?" They asked, he was surprised to hear a bit of desperation in their tone as he stood up, feeling the stinging pain

fade away as quickly as it came.

"Let me think it about it for a moment." He said, looking away with his hands on his chin acting as if he was thinking.

"How about... No." He said, giving a cheeky smile as he faced them back.

They groaned, as they turned around to face a tree before punching it out of anger leaving a large dent and some splinters in it, though their hand wasn't bleeding or scratched in any way from it.

They took deep breaths, trying to calm down so that they wouldn't lose control and go haywire, cause the last time that happened they absolutely destroyed a town into ruins and that was by 'accident'.

"Is this some type of game to you, Britain?!" They exclaimed, saying his name with venom as they glared back at him.

Britain shrugged before going "Well it seemed like fun game of hide and seek at first until you started threatening me, blank face."

The other growled turning fully around to face him, hands clenched in fists.

"Don't call me that, just because I have no flag design doesn't mean I don't have a fucking name!" They said.

They were fully white but their clothes were different shades of white and grey. They wore a coat that went past their knees, the sleeves were a bit wider causing some of it to hang open if they were to raise their arms. They also wore greyish pants with boots that had white fur in it, they had a plain white shirt with a black cross on it. Their eyes were light grey, that if you were to look at it from a certain distance, you could mistaken for their eyes to be fully white. And surely they had a white tail with some white feathers at the end.

Britain sighs "I still wonder where you even learned that type of language if you've never lived near people before."

They then crossed their arms, looking towards the sky as if to check

time.

"God dammit five hours wasted over this bickering..." They stated quietly.

Britain looks up as well, a bit surprised to see that it was morning already.

"Huh... Guess when your having fun time passes quicker." Britain said, as looks back at them feeling a smile creep onto his face.

They just stared back before mumbling, "How did we get from you pushing your son off the cliff and me about to murder you to us just standing here not even at each other's throats?"

Britain shrugs, not knowing either but it felt nice to see that they can be at least not that aggressive when interacting with each other.

Surprising nonetheless.

Everything went silent, until Britain spoke up.

"What's your name anyways?"

They seem to be taken back from that question but answered anyways.

"Albus. Albus Niveous." They answered sternly.

"Okay, Albus. It seems like you know my name already so... Why do you want to kill me?" Britain asked casually, the name felt familiar as if he had heard it from somewhere.

Albus narrowed their eyes towards him.

"I already told you, and 'kill you'? I like the terms 'freeing us' better." They said, rolling their eyes in the process.

"Well you might as well sum it up better to me then just saying it while I'm at death's door." Britain stated, falling silent as he stared towards the other with patient gaze.

Their eyes looked around for a moment before landing back on him and them sighing in frustration, they could've been 'cursed' with anyone else yet it had to be this guy. But it's better then someone not wanting to listen, unlike the last one.

"The reason I want to free-."

"Kill me." Britain 'corrected', cutting off the beast and angering them.

"The reason I want to 'kill you'..." They paused as they glared at him before continuing.

"-Is because I've been in this situation before and I don't want have this 'curse' you always say it is. I want to be free as much as you do from this. And either one of us has to die in order for it to be 'lifted from us'." They explained, doing small movements and waving their hand around to empathise what they said, although Britain found it funny he kept to himself.

"If the curse will be lifted from us if either of us die, then why don't you kill yourself?" Britain asked, wasn't it as easy as that?

"That's the problem, 'Oh Great Britain'." They mocked his name before going on to what they were gonna say.

"One of us has to kill the other, in our forms."

"'Forms'? As in the beast thing that you were before?" Britain asked, remembering the large pure white beast.

"Yes, and you'll look just like that except your form looks more different from mine." Albus said, looking up at the sky to see it turning into an orange gradient.

"And we don't have much time... I'll teach you how to turn into your own form if you agree to this... 'Deal' or whatever you pigeons call it." They said, waving their hand at the last part.

Britain gasped in offence.

"I ain't a pigeon, you milk looking monster." He retorted.

"Wha- That doesn't even make sense- You know what, let's just get this over with." They stammered slightly, already frustrated with the presence of his.

Albus took a deep breath before looking over to Britain, who then got the message and did them same, except a bit shakier then theirs.

"How are you feeling right now?" They asked, surprisingly their voice sounded smooth as butter now.

"I..." Britain trails off before feeling the edges of his vision blurring black and himself shuddering, had he taken his pills yet?

"Britain?" Albus calls out a bit worried which would've been shocking if he hadn't been losing himself.

Britain starts remembering things, that dream he had about his son. The pills China had provided him. France and his sons laying there lifeless around the ground with blood splattered everywhere. His own wings...

He gripped his head in pain as he felt the same cold tar run down against his back and now pouring out of his mouth.

Albus didn't know what to do, but they knew full to what was happening. Known for making peace, but can't do that with someone can cause destruction and wreak havoc.

"Britain! Britain I need you to listen to me, don't let it-."

They tried to get closer but Britain's vision was blurry and dark, and voices flooded his head that he couldn't hear Albus anymore.

This felt all to familiar, even the people in his mind tried to reach out to him, yet they couldn't but feel pain as he fell onto his knees on the ground.

Britain tried his best to stay conscious, but he couldn't stay above ground. He couldn't keep his sanity alive like how he couldn't stay above in his dream when he was dragged down.

it feel like his skin was burning and his flesh be eaten inside of him,

feeling bile rush up more to his throat.

Soon enough everything stopped and went silent, he froze.

His eyes twitching with insanity, he looked up to see Albus crouching beside him, but he couldn't see their face...

"A-Albus..?" He croaked out, yet his voice wasn't his own as he stared wide eye with black tar and blood leaked from his own mouth at them.

Albus didn't know what to do but just back away as they knew, Britain had lost himself and now they had to be the one to end it all.

They watched as Britain gets consumed by darkness, watching as a black voided beast formed before their eyes.

The beast glowed pitch black, its eyes were scribbles of voided white crying white tears. It's sharp teeth were white as day along with its four horns, two upfront curled forward whilst the two behind curled back. Its tail was long but thin with a black shard mirror at the end, the left wing was black with ink dripping from it whilst the other wing wasn't feathered but more of a large devils wing. The beast had large body proportions making it as tall and big as the trees like Albus's beast form, but its stomach was skinny and starved that you could see it's spine poking out of its back and it's ribs with its long claws. The tips of its mouth was tilted downwards into a frown.

Albus just stared right at the beast that stood before them, feeling it growl slightly seeing them in its own sight, not favouring them at first sight.

"Now stay still..." Albus commanded, white streaks surrounding themselves.

They soon formed into the white beast, glowing brighter in the night as if nothing can shade it from shining through. They both locked gazes, as Albus dug their claws into the dirt slightly as it lashes its tail.

"And let me end this..!" They roared as they pounced towards the other but missing as it ran away.

Albus growls as they ran after it, they couldn't let it reach the border nor any other being.

But first, they had to keep a certain someone from dying and just followed the beast from behind closely as the trees zoomed past by.

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He panted as got to a certain opening, he then went through it and looked around from the door.

It was a grassy place, a waterfall at the other side of the large dome shaped like room, in the middle was a boulder covered in moss on top with a skylight shining down everything surrounding it. A few trees against the walls while vines over grew the cave rocks and walls up to the skylight.

But he couldn't help but notice the person who was standing near the boulder, a certain someone he was looking for.

He stepped out towards them, and when they noticed him, they quickly hid the vile behind them as they greeted him nervously.

"Hey America... Why are you up this late at night?" China chuckles nervously as America gestured to the obvious daylight shining through the skylight hole.

"Oh." Was all they said as their tail moved slightly to the left to indicate nervousness.

America narrowed his eyes as he crossed his arms and glance to what China was hiding, and of course they gave up hiding it. Knowing he'll find out sooner or later.

China sighs heavily as they let their arms fall to their sides, revealing the vile in their right hand.

"Look, I did want you to know but it's better if you didn't." China semi-explained, not really wanting to tell everything they know.

"Just tell me, everything that you know about my father. About this 'curse' that my father has and why we're all going to die." America said, not wanting any denial since he was sure he's old enough to handle it.

China stared at America for a moment, to see or sense if there was any type of joke or falter behind it, but they didn't find any in all seriousness so they beckoned him over to sit next to the boulder.

As America sat next to the rock, China sat on top of it whilst still holding the vile in-hand.

"This vile, has something to do with your father and me. It's... For my 'death'. I've heard rumours about the 'curse' your father has and... I've recently heard he has to kill one of my kind in order to achieve full power." China explains, pausing as they stared at the vile blankly.

"He... Knows that I'm here, and if that 'curse' takes over then..." China pauses for a moment, their eyes dilating in some sense of fear.

China shook their head, having a determined look instead as they held the vile a bit tighter.

"I have to stay alive or else... This whole world will fall into the wrong hands of chaos... I have the 'things' that would help the 'curse' to take over immediately."

"If those 'things', get in the wrong hands. Things are going to become worse than it already is." China said, glancing towards America with their eyes glowing, signalling danger and determination.

America felt a bit nervous but stayed and listened.

China passed to see if he had any questions but when it stayed silent for a couple of moments, they continued.

"This vile, will poison me with something that'll make fall into a deep slumber forever. Even if the years pass I'll still be alive and stay here, never able to become a pile of bones."

They then looked up at the entrance, sensing someone had entered, to see Germany standing there in slight fear and sadness.

They huffed out a breath before they patted the empty space next to them, inviting Germany to come and join them.

Germany gratefully flew over to sit next to China but also hugged them instantly, surprising the dragon as they both hugged each other.

America watched from the side, slightly feeling a bit sad for them.

They let go but Germany kept his arms around them, not wanting to leave.

"Does he know yet?" America asked, China nodded as Germany frowned knowing what they were talking about.

"Is it time..?" Germany asked, he had the look of worry and hopefulness for it to not be time yet.

"Soon my love. Soon..." China answered as they placed a hand on Germany's head and placed a warm kiss on his head.

Germany's arms then held them tighter, not wanting them to go yet.

That is... Until they heard a crash outside.

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- Chapter 4 -

- SET III -

The three paused for a moment, hearing a few more crashes in the distance causing China to jump from their seat and run to where the sounds were with Germany and America behind.

China slid to a stop as they stopped at the front of the cave as a high pitched roar sounded throughout making the trio to cover their ears from the ear piercing sound.

There before them stood two big beasts, one white whilst the other was pitch black. The beasts circled around each other, the white one having a few black claw marks around their neck, whilst the other had white claw marks on its stomach, both bleeding profusely but neither caring.

The black beast caught sight of the three, the frown even twitched up a bit as it stared into the dragon's soul.

"There you are~." It said in high pitched voice, sounding like a demonic little girl as it giggled.

But it then frowns once the white one took the chance to pounce and dig their teeth into its neck.

The black beast defended itself by clawing another wound into their wing as the white one backed off with the black one growling, lashing its tail and wings in intimidation.

"Stay away from them!" The white one roared, their voice deeper then the other.

"I won't and you can't stop me!" The black one responded as it charged towards the dragon.

America and Germany ran out of the way whilst China stood there.

Once it got closer, it froze in pain as they bit into its neck.

Where China stood before was a long and large snake like entity, glowing crimson scales covered their body as a luscious orange fur lined down their back, and their golden piercing eyes glares as their mouth and nose flares with smoke and flames.

The dragon then whipped their head to throw the black one against the cave wall, a large dent from where it crashed.

Three beast in one place...

"Leave my home or else I'll take matters into my own, Britain." The dragon roared in China's voice, although sounding deeper as they floated in the air, their body twisting and turning in flexible ways.

"Britain is no more, but call me... Anarchy." It spoke, as it leaped unexpectedly using its wings as boost as it caught enough wind to bite and drag down the dragon.

But don't forget about the white beast, as they had bitten and dug their teeth into Anarchy's left wing, causing it to roar out in pain and let go of the dragon.

The dragon inhaled before breathing out fire against the two, soon flying back up as golden blood dripped from the teeth marks left in their neck.

Anarchy backed away as one of its eyes caught fire and burnt its left eye into a white liquid streaming down its face.

It roared in pain before charging again towards the white beast that guarded the dragon, who was laying on the stone ground trying to recover its wound.

"STAY OUT OF MY WAY, ALBUS." Anarchy exclaims, as it leaped over the white beats to reach the dragon behind.

The white beast, now recognised as Albus, bites down onto Anarchy's tail before pulling it to throw it back against the stone

wall.

China had recovered from their wounds but their neck still bled as they got up from the ground growling lowly and baring their sharp teeth.

"*Leave*. Both of you, *now*." China said as they flew over to where America and Germany stood, which was away from the fight.

The dragon lowered its head to meet their level as Albus kept Anarchy away from them.

"Go as far as you can from here, you must enter the land of the winged ones, your own kind. I'll hold them off for as long as I can." They spoke, though worry and sadness was clear in their voice and tone.

America nods sadly as Germany got closer to China, before giving a small kiss on their cheek and placed a hand on the side of their head, mumbling the last exchange of words to each other.

They reluctantly moved away from each other as China went back into the fight to help Albus as America and Germany ran down the exit corridor to get to the forest.

Germany led the way very precise like he planned that this would happen one day as America followed behind, both running.

They heard a roar in the distance behind them once they reached the other opening, but that roar was different from the others they had heard...

They both panted as they both came to a stop, right next to the cliff with the other side farther.

"Come on, we have to go soon before they come and try to find us!" Germany said as his wings extended outwards.

"Uhhh..." America looked over the cliff to see the ravine down below, except you couldn't see anything because of the thick fog covering it.

"What's wrong?" Germany asked, before realising as America ruffled his wings slightly.

"You don't know how to fly??" Germany exclaimed, America quickly shook his head side to side in denial.

"No! Nono, it's not that. It's just that..." America trails off before continuing.

"I'm scared of heights." He admitted as Germany went blank faced.

"Really?" Germany asked, not exactly worried now.

America was about to respond before getting cut off as soon as Germany grabbed his hand in a tight hold.

"Just don't look down, and you'll be fine." Germany said, giving him a reassuring smile before flapping his wings to get up into the air.

America did the same and now they were both in the air but then they slightly toppled over in the air as a large shockwave overcome them.

They then righted themselves as they looked towards the direction of where it came from.

And news is that it came from the direction of the cave, the cave where Albus, Anarchy, and China were...

Germany gasps quietly, realising what may have happened and his grip on America's hand loosened, flopping down to his side as his eyes became glossy.

America wanted Germany to have a moment to himself but he had to get them to the other side or else they'll spot them from above.

"Come on Germany, before they spot us." America said in a soft tone as they flew other to the other side and hid behind a few trees and bushes.

America sighs sadly as he saw Germany roll up into a little ball against the tree, hearing small sniffles and whimpers from him. It

made his heart ache that Germany had to lose the one person he had loved and cared about.

Is that how he would feel about his own father? But all he felt was slight sadness and fear...

Thoughts filled his head until he felt a hand be placed on his shoulder.

He looked over to his left to see Germany, who's eyes and nose were slightly red from crying and his glasses were in his hand.

"You alright?" America asked, genuinely worried about him.

"Y-yeah I'm-." Germany cleared his throat before finishing, "I'm fine..."

America furrowed his eyebrows as Germany looked down to the ground, shoulders slumped down.

He sighs heavily before patting his back lightly, "We should get going..." To which Germany agreed to placing his glasses back on his nose as they both began walking more further into the forest.

They walked as trees past by, the dark green grass and leaves made it look darker then it was but the sky that was turning slightly an orange tint, provided enough light for them to see where they stepped.

As they walked, they saw the end of the forest and to be met by a dirt road, either side lined with buildings that weren't as tall but enough to make them feel small.

They wandered onto the road, looking around in the process as they continued further down the road to more buildings and roads.

Soon enough they started seeing people but not any type, people with wings.

They passed by a few, each either having their own design and the sizes varied.

America couldn't help but glance at them, not focusing to where he was walking.

He was about to look forward again before bumping into someone by accident.

He backs away a little, apologising as he looked up to see a very tall and intimidating person.

They wore a dark brown ushanka with a red star on it, they wore a dark blue coat and black pants with a white shirt and boots. Their wings design had the same red, blue, and white colours except a much more different design. Their face held three horizontal lines across, top white, middle blue, and red at the bottom. Their eyes were baby blue but the glint in their eyes said otherwise. (I'm not drawing the designs for the feathers anymore, but feel free to imagine your own for them.)

"Watch where your going." They said, their voice sounding like a deep low growl as they spoke. Intimidating the other.

"He wasn't paying attention, no need to get so angry about." Germany spoke up, putting an arm out between the two whilst his wings were outstretched a bit.

"No one said you were involved with this so back off, pipsqueak." They growled as they extended their own wings, their wingspan and size were definitely larger then theirs and loomed over them slightly.

"How about you back off? He did apologise!" Germany said, his wings extending out as well though they don't seem to match up to their size.

"You want to try, tier one?" They challenged, as ice formed from the palms of their hands.

"Try me." Germany said, as electricity lit from his hand.

America quickly grabbed Germany's hand, dragging them both away whilst ignoring the small sizzling pain that went throughout his arm.

"We'll leave you alone."

Germany tries to release his grip from his hand but he wouldn't budge so he just gave up as they past by a few other people, who had seen what had happened.

"America." Germany says, trying to make him let go.

No response.

"America..!" He exclaims, America finally releases his hand but gave him a glare.

"What?" Germany said, rubbing his wrist that was slightly red.

"'What?', 'what?'?! You nearly started a fight with someone when we've barely been here for 5 minutes!" America yells, glaring daggers at Germany.

"Well what was I suppose to do? He was asking for it!"

"Still! I don't think I want to get in trouble after being here for just a few minutes." America stated, they began walking again as if nothing happened.

As they past by buildings, more and more people that had different wings were surrounding certain shops and buildings, people with more then one pair of wings, either in the air or on the ground.

As they kept walking, America paused in front of a certain shop, called 'Magie et Fortune'. Which he didn't know what it meant or if it was in another language but it felt... Familiar and intriguing for him.

"You wanna go in?" Germany asked, America absentmindedly nodded as they both pushed open the wooden door that said open on the front.

As they stepped inside a light ringing of a bell sounded as the door closed behind them, inside was very spacious. The walls lined with shelves filled with jewels, crystals, items, jars of strange glowing liquid, there was lots of strange things. In the middle of the room

was a rectangle rug, dark red. The curtains were drawn, blocking the sunlight from outside as royal purple light tinted everything with a few blurs of green in the darkness of the shop, adding a mysterious atmosphere. Up at the back of the shop was a counter, where someone stood with their back turned towards them.

Their hair was long, strands of blue, white, and red in it as a few jewels hanged on top. They wore a white polo shirt with a black skirt that went past their knees. Their wings were red, white, and blue, yet a different design from the rest. They turned around and smiled warmly when they saw them both, revealing their face to be three vertical lines going from blue, white, then red whilst their eyes were a light red colour.

"Welcome! How may I help you?" She greeted, an accent very well clear in her voice.

America felt nervous yet answered "Just looking around is all, we're new here."

"Really? Well then nice to meet you two! What are your names?" She asked, smiling happily.

"I'm Germany." He answered, smiling warmly.

"America." Was all the other said.

She looked thoughtful, "'America'? That name sounds familiar..." She mumbled as America felt a bit confused, yet nervous for some odd reason.

"Anyways, I'm France!" She said.

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- Chapter 5 -

- SET IV -

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They had a conversation, although not saying anything about the beasts and all the other things, they either avoided anything related to it and soon mentioned that they might have to get going to find somewhere to stay at.

"I mean you could stay with me, I'm sure my children wouldn't mind." She offered, smiling kindly.

"You sure?" Germany asked, she nodded in return.

"We can go now since it's probably going to be night in a few minutes, so let's go." She said as they all exited the shop together and she closed it up.

As they walked, they've caught some weird glances at them, mainly towards America... But they brushed it off and continued following France to her home.

They got there in a few minutes and entered with her, it was a small home but big enough for at least three or four people to live in.

Speaking about people, two children about the age of a 8 and 12, ran up to France and hugged her, welcoming her back home.

"Hello mes fils! I would like to introduce you to two other visitors we have!" France said as she gestured towards the two others that stood behind her, stepping aside to let the two children come up and see them.

One wore a straw bush hat with a tan polo shirt whilst the other

shorter one had a small pink flower on their head and a blue dress, the two looked similar except one had more stars then the other and the clothes they wore were different. Their wing designs were similar as well, but some stars differentiate them from each other. Their flags remind America a little about his father's flag design, but he brushed it off.

The taller one spoke with an accent, "Mom, he looks like our brother!" Tapping on America's shoulder.

"Are you sure, Australia?" France asked, staring towards America as the smaller joined.

"Yeah! He looks like him! He's red, white, and blue like us! He also has many stars!" The smaller exclaimed happily as she flapped her wings slightly whilst hugging a teddy bear.

"Many other people have the same colours as us but we don't know if he really is him, New Zealand." France said, a sad tone clear in her voice.

"Then what's your name, mate?" Australia asked, specifically asking America.

"America." He answered.

"It is him!! It's big brother!!" The younger shouted as she engulfs America into a small bit tight hug out of happiness.

America was completely confused, 'big brother'? He doesn't remember having any siblings, just thought it was him and his father... Didn't his father mentioned they had died right before his eyes..?

America glanced towards France to see her face in realisation and a few tears appearing in her eyes.

He then glances towards Germany, a look of confusion and wanting help had set on his face as Germany just chuckled and aww'ed to see a family reunited from the side.

"Is it really you..? Is your father Britain?" France questioned,

walking a bit closer to him as New Zealand moved back next to Australia.

"Uhh... Yes..?" America answered, before getting engulfed in another big hug once again.

"It really is you! You've finally, come back home!" France exclaims, as she cried tears of happiness while hugging her own son close to her.

It took several moments for America to actually realise this was his mother but he couldn't be too sure, what if there was someone that happened to have the same name and flag as well as the same father? Actually that sounds ridiculous.

He hugs her back but then it broke off as she backed away slightly to wipe her tears away, sniffling somewhat.

She chuckles as she holds his hands as she looked up at him with a warm smile, "I'm sorry, I'm just really glad that you're back home now with us..."

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France finishes her 'explanation', her side of the story to America, who listened piecing some parts together that start to make things make sense.

"So... Your saying my father ran away with me for no reason?" America asked.

France nods in confirmation, "I didn't see anything that was wrong about him or me for him to go and run off like that... At least, what I did see and know." She mumbled the last part looking down towards the wooden floor.

They all sat in the living room, America and Germany on one couch whilst the other three were sitting across from them on another couch.

"I remember faintly he had to go somewhere, but he didn't tell me where one night... Said he had some 'business to take care of'. Didn't

return the whole night and once it was morning he came back, clothes all messy and bruises all over him. Had to call one of the medic's to pop his right arm back in the socket." France said, reciting from the memory.

"Then the next day, he was suddenly called to court for a murder case! I didn't hear the exact details but I was there at the court when they decided his case and punishment. He was guilty for 15 murders. 7 Adults, 5 Teens, and 3 Children..." France recalled, a look of fear printed onto her face as America took in the info.

"Mommy, what is 'murder'?" New Zealand asked, genuine curiosity of a child...

"I'll... Tuck her in, good night mom." Australia said, as he grabbed the youngling's hand and gently led her upstairs, leaving the three there.

"15 murders..." America mumbled to particularly no one but himself.

"He was sentenced to have both of his wings cut off, of course in private which meant I wasn't able to see what happened. If only I really was there, I've been hearing so many terrible rumours about him, how he nearly murdered EU or how he threatened UN to release him... It just doesn't sound like him at all." France spoke, her voice trembled a bit with sadness.

"Well actually... We may know why he acted like that, if you've been told everything Germany?" America said as he glances towards Germany, who was silent the whole time.

"I can do that, starting from where?" Germany asked.

"The start, the very start when China had found me and my father. And maybe to why my father had ran?" America said, listening onto the story as Germany took a deep breath to tell.

"I haven't been told the exact details, but China did his best to tell me everything. He told me that he found Britain bleeding on the forest floor, so he took them in and Britain told him everything that

he had experienced. He said that his family was murdered and that he ran away with America, saying that 'it was his last' and that he had a curse, to which China looked more into and studied it. Says that 'anyone's life will be in danger'... How he even got the rest of the info is still a mystery to me that even he doesn't tell me." Germany said, although uneasiness was set in his tone when he saw France's confusion and worried face.

"Wait... So he isn't dead?" France asked.

"What? Who said he was dead?" America spoke, perking up a bit.

"EU said he died from falling into the ravine since he couldn't leave the barrier cause he was one of us... At least that's from what I've been told." She said, dread hanging from her voice.

"Well now you know he isn't actually dead, but he isn't the same though..." Germany said, mumbling the last part.

France looks out the window to see its dark already so she then looks over back at them.

"We should probably go sleep now, I'll show you two to your rooms." France said as she guided them upstairs.

Whilst they went upstairs she gave them two separate bedrooms that used to belong to two other people, when they were heading up the stairs America got some glimpses of some of the pictures that hanged from a single string on the wall.

It had a few pictures of four children and two adults that he could only assume was about their family.

They said good night to each other as they walked into their own rooms.

America sighs rethinking about everything that's been said and had happened.

His father had caused 15 murders... The curse... China... Albus... Anarchy... His own father... Germany... France... His family... Wait.

He paused for moment, in the middle of taking his jacket off.

His father's satchel... He left it at the cave still.

His breath quickened a bit before calming down, Anarchy only came for China, right? There's no way Anarchy knows about the satchel his father gave to him... Or was the satchel only for the vile China needed?

He didn't search through his father's satchel as much, the only thing he knew that was in it was that vile... What other things could've been found if he had peaked inside? Had his father predicted to that he himself will live or did he think that he'll die?

So many questions yet they are left unanswered.

America sighs as his head began to ache, it would be best to get some rest.

He then began to take off his jacket fully, leaving it at the end of the bed not even bothering to fold cause of how tired he was.

He gets under the covers and lays there as his eyes slowly closed, it was comfortable but not as much as the bed China had for him surprisingly.

The last thing he swore he saw out of the corner of his eye was something white moving towards him...

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Laughter filled throughout the air, the sun slowly setting onto the horizon in the distance, a long orange light tinting everything.

Anarchy had a smile on its face as Albus stood behind them about 6 feet away with a frown.

The pitch black beast loomed over the dragon that laid still on the stone ground, wounds and cuts decorated their entire long body whilst a golden puddle of blood formed beneath their head.

The dragon panted heavily, smoke coming out of their nostrils and

mouth that was open for giant gulps of air.

"Now tell me... WHERE IS IT?" Anarchy growls, one of its claws gripping onto China's head to make them look up at it.

"I... Won't tell you." The dragon huffs out, their voice hoarse.

"YOU WILL TELL ME, OR I'LL KILL YOU." Anarchy threatened, not having it.

"Kill me, you will. But the heart, you can't." China said, growling under their breath before wincing as Anarchy smashed their head against the stone ground.

"TELL ME."

"I won't."

"Or maybe your little lover would like a visit? I could bring them right here and skin them alive right in front of you. What was his name again? Germany, was it? You would like that wouldn't you?" Anarchy said, China's took in a sharp deep breath when Germany was mentioned.

"Don't..." China said, desperate to keep his love safe.

"Then you'll tell me where it is, and I'll leave you and him alone if you don't get in my way." Anarchy promised, it wasn't one to keep a promise but it'll definitely keep China out of its plans.

"..."

China thought about for a moment, glancing to Albus who nodded.

The dragon was a bit surprised before sighing.

"Let me go, I'll show you."

"How do I know you won't just fly off?" Anarchy growls.

"Do I look like I can run away in this condition?" China said, his voice becoming less hoarse yet his body still ached.

It stayed silent before lessening its grip on the dragons head, letting them stand up but struggled a little.

The dragon began to walk down the corridor with Anarchy following behind, Albus stayed a little behind but nonetheless followed as well.

They led them to the grassy place, where a boulder sat up top.

The dragon moved up before grabbing something from under with their jaws, moving back as the boulder feel back in place with a heart in their mouth.

The heart was coated in gold and still beats as it was still alive.

The dragon placed it in front of Anarchy before heading back to the top of the boulder.

"Oh what people would do to keep their own love alive~." Anarchy sang slightly, chuckling.

Anarchy then took it up in its jaws before swallowing it whole, letting out a breath of relief as it felt power flow through its veins.

China felt more faint, before swallowing the vile and feeling dizzy as they wrapped their body around the rock with their head set on top of the soft moss as they fell out of consciousness.

"Sleep well my little dragon, cause you'll wake up to a whole new world tomorrow~." Anarchy whispered before heading back out to the large opening.

Albus followed behind as Anarchy paused before the opening, looking back at Albus.

"Seems like your powerless, too bad." Anarchy said, sticking their tongue out playfully towards Albus.

"I will protect everyone, even if it meant siding with the winged." Albus stated, his wounds healed that left no trace behind.

"We'll see about that after you destroyed one of their towns."

Anarchy said.

"Then fight me, don't be the coward you are." Albus said, challenging it as they got in a pouncing stance.

"Or maybe I just don't want to go just yet. But I'm done playing with you, you get boring quickly." Anarchy said as it flew into the air.

"Wait- Don't-." But Albus was cut off as soon as Anarchy destroyed the opening with black spikes causing rocks to block Albus from escaping that way.

"Bye~." Anarchy said as it flew away onto the ground next to the ravine.

Anarchy giggles as black spikes grew from the ground around it, a dark ink trailing behind it and staining the grass as the plants decayed into shrivels of grey dust.

"This is going to be so much fun~." Anarchy said.

Indeed, it will be fun.

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- Chapter 6 -

- SET V -

This was all wrong.

They did it all wrong.

They weren't meant to kill each other.

They were meant to kill *you*.

America opened his eyes, to see himself standing on a small hill surrounded by a golden wheat field.

On the small hill was a tree that stood tall and proud with its light green leaves swaying from the wind.

He thought he was alone at first until he saw a figure sitting against the tree.

A figure recognisably, China.

They stared at each other for a moment before one broke the silence.

"So. Your father was right." China said, looking up and down at America, who was a bit confused.

"Where am I?" America asked, as he looked around them, it was just an endless golden wheat field with a light purple sky.

"You're in my dream, preferably a long one." China answered, pretty much observing and studying America at the moment.

"How??"

"The last thing you had thought about was me before you went to sleep. I presume you have questions for me now?" China said, still calm about the situation which surprised America.

"Uh- Yeah... Lots of questions..." America answered, stuttering at first before trailing off to stare off into the distance.

China stared at him for a moment before sighing and standing up.

"I would've guessed, so ask away but one at a time. We aren't in any rush in the dream realm since time goes much slower here."

They proceed to climb into the tree, although sitting on the first branch that was strong enough to hold up their weight and have America down low still in view on the ground from where they sat.

He then began to think deep in thought, a few minutes ago he just had millions of questions surging through his head and now it felt like after he got the chance to getting actual answers, his mind was just as empty as a blank canvas.

Then a question popped into his mind after reviewing what China had said.

"You said that my father was right about something, right about what?" America asked, leaning against the tree whilst glancing up at China, who sat on the branch above and next to him.

"About your power, you can enter people's dreams and even interact and talk with them. Maybe even other people's minds when they are awake if you train and become stronger." China answers, staring off into the distance deep in thought about something whilst they laid on the branch with their tail hanging and swaying from the light breeze, the field moving like soft waves.

America hums in response, looking down towards the green pastel grass under him, everything seemed so surreal at the moment that it

seems to belong in a type of fantasy story yet he also knew it was all real...

"Still thinking about your father?" They suddenly spoke, not even glancing towards America once for the majority of the time.

"I..." America hesitates for a moment, thinking about his words before continuing.

"What do you know about them?"

A silence settles in as America waits a bit impatiently for their answer, he needs to know what's wrong and what he could be able to do to help.

Yet no answer or word was said, even China's tail stopped moving. Everything going still for a moment which worried America.

"Anarchy is the one who wreaks havoc and destruction, but it could give mercy to others easily even if reluctantly. Albus is the one who rains health and wealth on others, but they can lose control and destroy a whole island if not by accident. Both are suppose to balance each other, but neither could ever come in terms together. But if one of them kills the other, they'll be lifted from the 'curse' that's been placed upon them and soon they'll lose power but not reputation." China spoke in calm manner but his rough tone said otherwise.

"Wait, does that mean my dad has to die??" America exclaims, couldn't be able to hide the panic set in his voice.

"Unless Anarchy kills Albus, then I doubt he'll even live if Anarchy is certainly attached to his soul when Albus kills him."

America starts to freak out a bit, pacing around back and forth as China finally gave a small glance towards him, when they did they snickered a bit.

America paused before turning around to see China's hand over their mouth to hide the smile and chuckles to that came from them.

"What's so funny?" America asked, came out with more anger then

he intended.

"Oh, I don't know... Maybe it's the fact you don't realise it."

"Realise what?"

America fully turned towards China, who was now sitting up on the branch, swinging their legs back and forth as their tail wagged a bit happily, a smile planted right on their face. Yet it seemed... Off.

He starts get worried and maybe afraid as China stared him down.

"That your Feathers."

"Feathers of Anarchy."

ROLLS THE FUCKING CREDITS

SEES THAT I STILL HAVE FOUR MORE CHAPTERS TO DO

FUCK-

REWINDS THE CREDITS

———

America gasps, clutching onto the pillow his head laid on.

He felt cold, really cold...

He quickly gets up from his bed, a bad feeling flowing through his

veins.

Something told him to go outside, to find his father...

He stands up and puts on his coat, reluctantly opening the door to his room and out to the hallway down the stairs, and stood in front of the door.

The door that led to the outside world, he glanced through one of the windows to see it was semi dark. 'Time goes much slower' his ass, they basically talked for a few minutes in the dream whilst a few hours went by in the real world. At least, that's what it felt like.

Before he was able to open the door, he heard a few heavy footsteps behind him causing him to turn around and see them.

The pure white beast halfway down the stairs, in front of him as he felt the black voided eyes bury deep within his.

"Albus..." America stammers out, remembering his name somewhat clearly.

"America. Or should I say, Feathers?" The voice rung out like a deep echo from a large cave as the beast stepped down the stairs till it was right in front of him.

"What, are you doing here?" He asked, trying to swallow the nervousness down that appeared in his tone of voice.

"Tell me. Do you want to help or stay away?" Completely ignoring what he had asked as they paced to the right of him, like a predator stalking its own prey.

"Help with what?"

"The curse."

"Well I want to help." America answered, it was easy enough and a logical answer until they started growling.

They bared their teeth, lashing their tail slightly against the wooden floor.

"You'll only make matters worse, stand to the side where you belong. Anarchy won't need you where it'll be going." Albus said, as it circled around him slowly.

"But what if I do? I'm not going to help Anarchy!"

"Soon you will and you'll cause us a whole misfortune. If you want your father alive, leave it be." Albus said, disappearing in a flash of light causing America to back away in a bit of fear.

But then America gets stopped by something fluffy and large behind him.

"Or maybe I could kill you right now, and end it all." Albus whispered, dangerously close behind America and next to his ear.

America yells before quickly moving away and backwards as he carefully watched them come forth slowly, growling lowly.

He gasps when his back suddenly met a wall, before he could make a change of direction he then gets stopped by two arms pinning him to the wall.

He whimpers slightly as he looks up, not to see the beast but instead a someone that he can only assume was Albus still because of them not having a flag but just white.

Couldn't help but feel intimidated and fearful under the hard gaze of the taller.

It was only a few moments before Albus chuckled and backed away, freeing the other yet uneasiness sets in.

"But how can I do that?"

America didn't answer but just stood there as Albus smiles, nothing particularly behind it.

"I'm not even real."

"Wha-." America trails off once he heard a someone call out his name slightly.

He glanced over to see Germany a few steps on the stairs, giving him a worried look.

"What are you doing down here?"

"I was talking to Albus..." America then trails off when he glances back to where Albus had once stood, yet nothing was there not a single trace.

"Who?" Germany asked, couldn't hear that well so he came down the stairs to stand beside America.

America hesitates for a moment before shaking his head slightly.

"Nothing. Just thought I saw or heard something." He lied.

Germany was suspicious about it but brushed it off and nodded before glancing towards the front door that still laid closed and untouched.

"How about we go for a small walk, yeah?" He offers, a small smile planted on his face.

America thought about it for a moment, nodding his head in confirmation as they both began walking out of the house when Germany puts his coat on.

They walked out onto the dirt road, not knowing where to go but walked in one direction to have an easy way back.

As they walked it was slightly dark but the sunrise was slowly happening, providing a small amount of light to peak through the trees and buildings in the distant.

It was silent except for the birds tweeting in the background and the trees that rustled in the soft morning wind, as some dirt and rocks crunched under their footsteps.

They both enjoyed the silence that laid between them both, it was comfortable to say the least.

Until they heard crashes up ahead of them, causing them to pause

in their walk as the trees in the forest that they stood in front of them start to rustle.

Each thump caused them to back away in fear until they started running in the opposite direction once a beast had jumped out of the forest.

They didn't stray too far so luckily they got to the front door of the house where a worried and confused France stood, her wings flapping a bit uncomfortably.

They both skidded to a stop, Germany nearly falling over before catching himself as they heard something huge charge towards the town.

As they glanced back, they watched as other people from their homes peek out of their doors and windows to see what was going on, a few people even daring to step out to see better.

All attention laid on the beast that stood before them, large yet out of breath.

Those pitch black eyes locked gazes with America, causing his breathing to halt for a moment and his back to stiffened as Albus stayed still for a moment.

But something wasn't right, Albus didn't look the same...

The beast was fairly larger, two pairs of wings instead of one. Two long tails whilst two halos floated above their head, crossed. Their mouth still a frown yet their teeth seemed sharper then before. They had six eyes now, three on both sides of their face.

"What are you doing here?! I thought we told you to never come here again!" A person shouted, coming forth to the beast.

They were dark blue with 12 stars around their head, they had golden wings lined with a few black stripes. They held a sword of pure gold and wore a type of uniform of dark blue and golden linings design.

"I'm here to help you, everyone. You must evacuate or else Anarchy

will come and take all your lives into slaves." Albus spoke calmly, though their sword was still pointed towards the pure white beast.

"How do we know you aren't lying?"

"Does it look like I have time for jokes? I came here just to save you all, where's your leader EU?" Albus asked, still not intimidated by a lowly weak sword.

EU stayed silent before hesitantly lowering their sword to the dirt ground, they both stared intently at each other before EU nodded.

"He'll get here in a few moments. For now, tell me about Anarchy." EU said as they still stayed a fair distance away from Albus, they seemed to converse in silence and they nodded a few times.

America glances towards France, who was worried yet perked up at the mention of Anarchy.

"Anarchy? As in... Britain?" France mumbles, to no one particularly.

"Well yes but actually no." America answers causally, he didn't exactly feel the same fearful feeling yet he had a different one.

He felt his heart thump a bit, was he nervous? But he didn't have anything to fear except Anarchy... Or was he?

He didn't know until the ground to started to shake a bit under him, definitely not his heart.

America backs away in time, falling onto the ground in the process and yelping as a giant black spike grew out of the ground from where he stood before.

France gasps in shock and went quickly to America's aid, helping him up as Albus and EU saw.

Albus then stood in stance as well as EU as they heard laughter echoing throughout the air ahead of them.

And everyone soon knew...

Anarchy is here.

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- Chapter 7 -

- SET VI -

"HAHAHAHA! FOOLS! DID YOU REALLY THINK- Oh wait, it's you." Anarchy said, the last part dripping with disappointment seeing Albus there already.

Anarchy didn't look the same as before either, fairly larger like Albus. It's wings were a larger range of size whilst it had three tails, two horns had grew and stuck out of its cheek bones whilst its eyes were six as well, three on both sides except they were mainly arranged in a spider-like eye set.

"Anarchy, I'd advise you to back off before things get out of hand." Albus roared, wings outstretched and tails lashing as they walked slightly towards it.

"What are you going to do then? Kill me? I'd like to see you try when your winged 'companion' can't even get up!" Anarchy exclaims happily, as a black chain pulls up something beside it.

There a figure stood trembling with black chains tight around them, their wings were pure white but they had four pairs of wings wrapped in chains. They wore a light grey uniform with golden trimmings and designs. They had a white wreath on their head with a halo above their head, eyes were grey as silver but a little dull. They looked faint and lifeless in the eyes yet they had a face of pain as they had a bruises and cuts on their face and hands.

"Found him laying around like an abandoned little toy on my way here~ So I thought why not play around with him a bit~?" Anarchy said, placing a claw on his chin, forcing him to look up at it even though he refused weakly.

"Although he has become a little broken and boring, so you can

have him back~. Would've done something more but I want to have some more fun then what I had in mind for him, maybe later." Anarchy said, the chains then threw him over to where Albus and EU was, luckily Albus had caught him and it was a bit easier since the chains weren't there anymore.

"UN! Are you alright?!" EU exclaims, quickly getting UN off of Albus's back and helping him stand by his side.

"... My throat... Burns... EU..?" UN croaks out, his voice hoarse as if poison had stained it and was burning him from the inside out.

"We'll take care of this, EU." Albus said, taking UN from their hold and heals his wounds easily.

UN felt much better but still a bit tired as some of the pain lingered a bit as he stood up straighter himself, all the wounds weren't even visible anymore.

"Are you sure you can fight UN?" EU asked, worried.

UN gave him a glance, a glance full of determination.

"I know we can, don't worry about me." UN answers, giving him a warm smile before hoping onto Albus's back.

"You think you can stay on?" Albus jokes, UN couldn't help but chuckle but nodded anyways.

Anarchy's smile seem to widen, it's tails wagging a bit.

"Now this will be interesting~ Come on, let's 'dance' till death~!" Anarchy said, amused.

They both charged towards each other, as America quickly looks away not wanting to watch.

But all he could hear was crashes and screams of the people.

Then he heard something coming toward him which caused him to turn around.

"AMERICA!"

Then it all went black as he felt thrown back and crash against a large building.

(I definitely didn't just wrote that something knocked America out just for the sole purpose of me not writing any fight scenes. DEFINITELY.)

...

He woke up, laying on the same pastel grass he had stood on before.

He sat up, feeling a paining ache across his chest and back as he glanced around.

"Why are you back here?" A voice asked, very much familiar.

"Wh-what... But I was just awake!" America exclaims, looking around in panic as China sighs in frustration.

China then swung himself off of the tree branch before going towards him, holding out a hand for him to take.

America took it but suddenly gets pulled up roughly causing him to tumble a bit and wince at the grip China had on his hand.

"Aye! You don't have to squeeze that hard!" America yells, ripping his hand away from China's.

"You shouldn't be here." China growls.

"Well I'm here anyways! I think fainted or something."

It went silent, tension floating in the air as America sighs.

"They're fighting."

"I know."

America glanced towards China, confused.

"But aren't you stuck here and asleep? How do you know?" Confusion laced his voice as China chuckled, trying to lighten the mood.

"I can watch from another perspective, like Anarchy since it has some connection to me now."

"Really? Then do you know what it's thinking or going to do??" America asked, why was he surprised? It's not going to help anything, is it?

"Well... Just so you know, it won't actually hurt you." China said.

"Does that mean my father is still alive??" America exclaims, feeling relief.

China seemed hesitant before smiling.

"Yes."

America felt overflowed with happiness and relief, smiling and hugging China.

"Thank god he's alright!"

China chuckles but it was a bit awkward for him, patting his back before America had let go of him.

"Sorry, I'm glad that he's alive and not.. Well, dead." America states, embarrassed.

"No no.. It's alright, figured you needed some reassurance I suppose." China said, looking off into the distance.

America let's out a breath he didn't know he was holding, glancing to the direction China was looking towards before looking back at him.

"So.. is there anything else I need to know? Because I feel a bit dizzy, like I'm going to wake up soon."

China hummed in response, neither a proper nor any other

response.

"I just want to test something real quick."

"And that's what-?"

But America got cut off as soon as a punch was thrown at his left cheek.

He tumbled to the ground, touching his stinging left cheek as he looked up at China, who had gotten on top of him and loomed over as a shadow was casted down.

"Just wanted to see if you were really connected to my consciousness that I could do something physical to you since you had hugged me." China said bluntly.

"Wh-what..?? Why?!" America exclaims, scared and fearful as he was kept in one place.

"Because I'm going to do something I should've done a long time ago.." China said, getting a grip on America's neck choking him in the process.

"W-wait... Chi-..." America chokes out feeling faint.

"I'm going to finish what I should've done in the first place when I found both you and your father."

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"What is happening over there??" One exclaims, watching the fight from a distance.

"I don't know but it's a cool light show." The other comments, black and white beams lighting the sky with clashes of sparks.

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- Chapter 8 -

- SET VII -

"NO! GET AWAY FROM HIM!"

Albus quickly seized America's head with his claw but not exactly hurting him as Anarchy stood a few feet away, lashing their tails in discomfort.

He knew very well that America meant a lot to him, but not in the way you'd think they felt.

"Then let one of us perish and I'll let him go." Albus stated, feeling American slightly move under his gentle grip.

"I WON'T DISAPPEAR AGAIN. TOO MANY OF THE SAME PEOPLE. LET THIS BE A CHANGE FOR US ALLIE!" Anarchy shouts, their voice sounding desperate and wanting for something to be different.

"Don't call me that, just kill me already or else I'll do it to you!" Albus roared, his grip becoming a bit more rougher as Anarchy growls.

"I SAID, GET AWAY FROM HIM!"

Anarchy pounces onto Albus, as he lets go of America.

Bits and blood was seen all over as Albus laid still on the ground underneath Anarchy.

Anarchy pants heavily, grinning widely as it realises what it had done.

"No.. nonononononoNONONONONONONONONO!" Anarchy backs away from the dead corpse that then fades away to reveal an injured and tired Albus.

Anarchy feels anger as it begins to fade away, roaring in agony until there laid a faint figure.

Known as Britain..

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America felt as last breath was taken away until he woke up with a gasp.

He took huge gulps of air in, full of relief as he could breath again.

Although every inch of his body ached as he struggled to sit up.

He was lucky he woke up in time before he was actually killed by suffocation.

Speaking of which..

"OH MY GOODNESS, IS BRITAIN ALRIGHT??"

He quickly glanced behind him to see Albus and Britain surrounded by a few recognisable people, except for the medics who seemed to be doing some different healing magic?

He was about to get up and try to get to his father's side until Germany came lunging at him with open arms and tears.

"AMERIKA, YOU'RE ALRIGHT! I THOUGHT I HAD LOST YOU LIKE I DID WITH CHI!" Germany exclaims, hugging America tightly.

America, groans in discomfort in the tight grip but it was subsided with happiness and relief that everything is alright now. And that Britain was alive.

Or was he?

As soon as they separated the hug, they then got up and went to where America was looking towards.

America crouched down, one knee down as he held one of Britain's hands gently.

Britain seemed to stir a bit, groaning as pain was felt throughout his whole body. Even worse then before.

His father glanced up to America before a small smile was formed weakly.

"A-Ame?"

And that's when America knew.

Everything was going to be alright from now on.

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(Never mind, I lost count.)
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- Chapter 9 -

- SET LAST -

He stood, side by side with his father on a hill.

The light breeze brushing against their skin and wings, it felt nice and nostalgic.

The warm gradient as the sun set over behind the trees in the distance, setting everything to have an orange tint.

His father wore a dark grey suit with a red tie and a top hat with a slightly ripped ended red ribbon around it, whilst he himself wore the same dark green hunters jacket and black shirt under it with dark brown shoes to go along with it. Nothing changed... except for the black eye and white Iris his father had as a left eye.

All was silent, except for the birds chirping their lasting song in the background and the soft rustling of the trees and grass.

Quiet for a few moments before his father spoke up.

"It's nice..." Britain spoke in hushed tone, not wanting to ruin the gentle quietness that was set in the air.

"Mhm..." America hummed in response, agreeing totally as they continued to stare into the distance.

"Do you think I can make it?" America asked afterwards, looking down towards his own hand.

Britain glanced towards America before chuckling quietly and pats his son's shoulder a bit, keeping his hand there.

"Soon, soon it'll be time for me to go and for you to rise." He answered, a soft smile appearing on his face although the meaning

behind it meant something more then just calmness and reassurance...

America nodded silently, glancing back at his father before looking back at his hand.

"I'll make you proud, father."

America clutches his hand as pitch black cracks spread out into his palm.

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"I know you will, my son."

- The End -

Thank you for reading!

:)

Well, this is the end..

So if you didn't know, I was planning on ending this book in the 10th chapter but I'm like, fuck it. And so then I went off and just did 9.

I only did 9 because honestly, there was two chapters left for me to actually come up with an idea for.

Except, the story was basically at the ending parts already and I didn't know what to write as extra.

Although, do expect a small story part to come out a day after this has ended.

The small story is just something to do with the 'curse' and it'll be explanatory.

Maybe a Q&A to answer some questions of yours that weren't answered yet? Most likely.

Also if you like more Countryhumans books like these then, if ya want you could go check out my profile where there are several other CH books I've written!

I'm sorry if this book seemed short, not all stories I write last long enough to be lengthened over 12 - 20.

Anyways, that's all I have for this book! I hope you enjoyed the story and is looking forward to the small story and Q&A!

Actually you can ask your questions here ———>

But enough of that! This is the end of the main story now!

And I hope to see you Reader again, another time!

Your Author,
Suko.